

## Scena septima.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

*Jul.* Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girl assist me,  
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,  
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts  
Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd;  
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane  
How with my honour I may vndertake  
A journey to my louing *Protheus*.

*Luc.* Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

*Jul.* A true deuoted Pilgrime is not weary  
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,  
Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to flie,  
And when the flight is made to one so deere,  
Of such diuine perfection as *Sir Protheus*.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till *Protheus* make returne.

*Jul.* Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soules food?  
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,  
Thou wouldst as soone goe kinde fire with snow  
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

*Luc.* I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,  
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,  
Left it should burne about the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes:  
The Current that with gentle murmure glides  
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:

But when his faire course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet musicke with th' enameld stones,  
Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge  
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.

And so by many winding nookes he straites  
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.  
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:  
He be as patient as a gentle streame,

And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,  
And there he rest, as after much turmoile  
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you goe along?

*Jul.* Not like a woman, for I would preuent  
The loose encounters of lasciuious men:  
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes  
As may besee me some well-reputed Page.

*Luc.* Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

*Jul.* No girl, he knit it vp in silken strings,  
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots:  
To be fantastique, may become a youth  
Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

*Luc.* What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-

*Jul.* That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)  
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?  
Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*.)

*Luc.* You must needs haue the with a cod-peece (Ma-

*Jul.* Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauourd. (dam)  
*Luc.* A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin  
Vnlesse you haue a cod-peece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* *Lucetta*, as thou lou'st me let me haue

What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me  
For vndertaking so vnstaid a journey?

I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then neuer dream on Infamy, but go.

If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,

No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:

I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

*Jul.* That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare.

A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,

And instances of infinite of Loue,

Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

*Luc.* All these are seruants to deceitfull men.

*Jul.* Base men, that vse them to so base effect;

But truer starres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,

His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,

His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,

His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,

His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heau'n he proue so when you come to him.

*Jul.* Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,

To beare a hard opinion of his truth:

Onely deserue my loue, by louing him,

And presently goe with me to my chamber

To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me vpon my longing journey:

All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose,

My goods, my Lands, my reputation,

Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:

Come; answere not: but to it presently,

I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

## Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine,  
Lawnce, Speed.

*Duke.* *Sir Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,  
We haue some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

*Pro.* My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,

The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,

But when I call to minde your gracious fauours

Done to me (vn-deseruing as I am)

My dutie pricks me on to vtter that

Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:

Know (worthy Prince) *Sir Valentine* my friend

This night intends to steale away your daughter:

My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.

I know you haue determin'd to bestow her

On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,

And should she thus be stolne away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose

To crosse my friend in his intended drift,

Then (by concealing it) heap on your head

A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe

(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.

*Duke.* *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,

Which to requite, command me while I liue.

This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,

Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,

And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

*Sir Valentine* her companie, and my Court.

But fearing lest my iealous ayme might erre,

And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man

(A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd)

I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde

That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.

And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,

The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:

And thence she cannot be conuay'd away.

*Pro.* Know (noble Lord) they haue deuiz'd a meane

How he her chamber-window will ascend,

And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:

For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,

And this way comes he with it presently.

Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.

But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly

That my discovery be not aimed at:

For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

*Duke.* Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know

That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my Lord, *Sir Valentine* is coming.

*Duke.* *Sir Valentine*, whether away is fast?

*Val.* Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger

That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,

And I am going to deliuer them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenure of them doth but signifie

My health, and happy being at your Court.

*Duke.* Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,

I am to breake with thee of some affaires

That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.

'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue fought

To match my friend *Sir Thurio*, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match

Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman

Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities

Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:

Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

*Duke.* No, trust me, she is peeuish, sullen, froward,

Prowd, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,

Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:

And may I say to thee, this pride of hers

(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,

And where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should haue bene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,

I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,

And turne her out, to who will take her in:

Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:

For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

*Val.* What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

*Duke.* There is a Lady in Verona heere

Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,

And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.

Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor

(For long agoe I haue forgot to court,

Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)

How, and which way I may bestow my selfe

To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,

Dumbe Jewels often in their silent kinde

More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.

*Duke.* But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

*Val.* A woman some

Send her another: new

For scorne at first, mak

If she doe frowne, 'tis

But rather to beget m

If she doe chide, 'tis n

For why, the fooles are

Take no repulse, wha

For, get you gon, she d

Flatter, and praise, com

Though nere so blacke,

That man that hath a to

If with his tongue he c

*Duke.* But she I mean

Vnto a youthfull Gentl

And kept seuerely from

That no man hath acces

*Val.* Why then I w

*Duke.* I, but the door

That no man hath reco

*Val.* What lets but

*Duke.* Her chamber is

And built so sheluing, th

Without apparant haza

*Val.* Why then a L

To cast vp, with a paire

Would serue to scale an

So bold *Leander* would

*Duke.* Now as thou an

Aduise me, where I may

*Val.* When would y

*Duke.* This very night

That longs for euery thi

*Val.* By seauen a clo

*Duke.* But haue thee:

How shall I best conuey

*Val.* It will be light (i

Vnder a cloake, that is o

*Duke.* A cloake as lon

*Val.* I my good Lord

*Duke.* Then let me see

He get me one of such a

*Val.* Why any cloak

*Duke.* How shall I fa

I pray thee let me fee

What Letter is this fam

And heere an Engine fit

He be so bold to breake

*My thoughts do harbo*

*And slanes they are to*

*Oh, could their Master*

*Himselfe would lodge w*

*My Herald Thought*

*While I (their King) th*

*Doe curse the grace, th*

*Because my selfe doe w*

*I curse my selfe, for*

*That they should bar*

What's here? *Silvia*, thi

'Tis so: and heere's the

Why *Phaeton* (for thou

Wilt thou aspire to guid

And with thy daring fol

Wilt thou reach stars, be